

# The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills and be alone.

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given to all business placed in  
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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,  
Dentist,  
MONTEREY, VA.  
Will visit Pocahontas county at  
least twice a year. The exact date  
of his visit will appear in this  
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,  
DENTIST,  
Graduate University of Maryland.  
Dentistry practiced in all its bran-  
ches.

G. W. DUNCAN,  
Practical Land Surveyor,  
1st Nat. Bldg. Marlinton, W. Va.  
All calls by phone and mail  
promptly answered.

West Virginia Citizens Trust and  
Guarantee Company  
This company will furnish bonds  
of all county, state and municipal  
officers; fiduciary bonds, such as  
administrators, guardians, etc.;  
judicial bonds; bank officials,  
agents, indemnifying bonds, in-  
surance bonds of all kinds; attach-  
ment bonds, etc.

At the Table.  
The year have sped since first I  
led  
You to the table dear,  
And you sat over there alone  
A smiling here.

A year or two flew past and you  
No longer sat alone.  
A little one was in your arms,  
Your darling and my own.

And then another year or so,  
And some one else was there;  
While Trottie claimed your  
care.

The years have sped since first I  
led  
You to the table dear,  
And you looked queenly at the  
foot.

And I felt kindly here.  
Today, as I look down at you,  
On either side I see  
A row of hungry little ones  
All gazing up at me.

We've read, I leaves, one after one,  
And you are far away—  
Aye, thrice as far, my dear, as on  
That happy, happy day.

But though we sit so far apart—  
You there and I up here—  
Two rows of hearts fry in my fond  
heart.

Stretch down to you, my dear.  
Thank God for every extra leaf  
The table holds today,  
And may we never know the grief  
Of putting one away.

Chicago Record-Herald.

WOODS AND WATER.  
We choose the gay and festive  
gray squirrel for the text upon  
which to base our remarks on  
natural history, its kindred sub-  
jects and what it brings to mind.

To resort to a cheap grade of wit,  
we will say in the beginning that  
if our remarks are rather rambling  
the subject of these self same re-  
marks is somewhat of a rambler  
himself, traveling not only from  
one range to another as food  
grows scarce but oftentimes  
migrating to climes far distant  
when dearth of acorn impels.

While a squirrel likes water little  
better than a cat, rivers as broad  
as the Ohio or the Mississippi  
form no impediment when he,  
with thousands of his kind, is  
pursuing some well described  
course in obedience to a call to  
get them up out of the land of  
Egypt to some kind where nuts in  
abundance shall be supplied them.

This year the influx of squirrels to  
this section is from the West  
judging from the fact that the  
farmers along the western border  
of the county have been troubled  
not a little, from their depreda-  
tions on wheat and corn fields and  
that reports are being carried to  
us daily to the effect that the  
squirrels are coming in in large  
numbers with the effect of making  
us uncomfortable and dissatisfied  
with our lot, and will eventually  
cause us to go in search of the  
last man to borrow the family  
gun last fall. The mere prelimi-  
nary of getting hands on the gun  
and claiming it will require a good  
part of a day inasmuch as the  
original borrower has friends,  
strange as it may seem, to whom  
he is willing to loan a gun, and  
these, too, have friends and so ad  
infinitum. "Ad infinitum" in  
this connection means the man  
with the small sized soul who  
shoots smokeless powder in the  
old piece till the muzzle assumes  
the shape and proportions of the  
bottom end of the Liberty Bell;  
crack and all splinters the stock in  
an undignified attempt to stamp the  
life from a wounded squirrel;  
knocks off both hammers as he  
drags the gun home in stick horse  
fashion, and, befouled with burnt  
powder, it is left to rust under the  
drip, while the would-be hunter  
tells of the glorious day's sport  
he has had, don'tcher know.

The reason this borrowing does  
not go farther than "ad infinitum"  
is that no one with the least self  
respect, much less with the ordi-  
nary run of common sense, would  
ask the loan of a fowling piece  
that presumes to mean a show for  
unreliability.

We have wandered so far from  
the text that we will continue  
along this same line hoping gradu-  
ally to work our way back to  
squirrels. It is with a feeling  
that this world is not your home  
and strong in the determination  
that you will no longer strive to  
lift human nature from the rut of  
selfishness in which it has so long  
slid, but will turn your back to  
their destruction and will seek  
the solitude there to wonder what  
freak of nature caused you to be  
so immeasurably better than your  
fellow beings.

You are awakened by the voice  
of an anxious mother of an impor-  
tant boy, who wishes that her son  
be in safer hands than those of  
his playfellows until he learns

that a gun is deciding above a  
1 things and dreadfully unsafe.  
Somehow or other you are pleased  
the recognition of your ability to  
teach even a boy tickles your van-  
ity and gives you peace. You re-  
call with clearness the few years  
since when anxious mothers  
warned their good little boys not  
to play with you for fear of con-  
tamination, and the fiendish de-  
lusion you took in getting them in  
trouble when they dared to dis-  
obey this maternal injunction.

Squirrel hunting is hard on the  
neck after you know about where  
the squirrel is. They have an  
aggravating way of doing their  
stomach to escape the snares of the  
hunter, and it is rather trying to  
retain a dignified pose and still  
see into every crotch, along each  
limb and on both sides of a large  
tree, and now and then that you  
are looking into the right tree.

A man, no matter what his in-  
tentions, is liable to deplete the  
squirrel family to the verge of  
extinction in a day's gunning, but  
if you don't kill a squirrel you are  
still a winner. It is not what you  
kill that always counts. You will  
live longer for the experience and  
perhaps die happier than if you  
had the lives of thousands of  
squirrels to give the answer.

We once had a friend who said  
that his only excuse for eating  
chicken was that he was making a  
collection of wish bones. His  
reputation for chicken eating ex-  
tended over three counties and  
equaled any preacher in the dis-  
trict. Those of us who knew him  
more intimately knew he cared  
less for the wish bone than the  
drum stick and took him to test  
for ever telling the tale which was  
fast becoming stale. He replied  
that when he was hungry his  
intentions were good and he  
really wanted to get to the wish  
bone, but after he had consumed  
even a medium sized chicken be-  
came so well satisfied that he  
desired nothing more. It was a  
poor sort of man that wanted  
everything in sight anyway and  
he felt he had done his whole  
duty when he had eaten a chicken  
and was willing to leave the  
bones.

There is nearly as much logic  
in a man's excuse that he is after  
game alone when he goes into the  
woods as there is in the foregoing  
instance of the wish bone collec-  
tion. Perhaps the hunter would  
not go were there no squirrels,  
neither would the gourmand have  
eaten the chicken had there been  
no bones. But the bones are not  
the only things to be gotten out of  
a chicken any more than the kill-  
ing is all to be derived from a day  
in the woods.

The grey squirrel is good to  
eat, although the dictionary classi-  
fies him along side of coons,  
groundhogs, muskrats and the  
like, not to mention others of even  
lower degree. All we can say  
of it is that the dictionary mani-  
fests exceedingly poor taste if it  
can't distinguish between a rat  
and a squirrel. But then there is  
no accounting for tastes, we have  
been told. We once knew a  
young woman whom we thought  
we could love. (She didn't think  
she could love us, but that is an-  
other story.) Who said that she  
would soon eat a cat as a squir-  
rel. We said "yesum," and did  
not press our suit as we expected  
squirrel meat to be the chief item  
of sustenance after the fish quit  
biting, and we don't care to eat  
a ter any woman who takes no  
interest in her cooking.

Experimental Painting.  
Try the other kind if you want  
to; next time it won't be long  
you'll be glad to use Green Seal  
Liquid Paint. For sale by C. J.  
Richardson.

Teachers Examination.  
County Superintendent Grimes  
and Examiners Barlow and Bruffey  
held the third and last uniform  
examination for this year at Mar-  
linton Thursday and Friday. Six-  
teen teachers applied for certifi-  
cate:

Bertie M. Hill,  
Lillie M. Milligan,  
Lucy C. Smith,  
Mrs. Verdie B. Mann,  
Lucy P. Hannah,  
Florence M. Clatter,  
Mary F. Hannah,  
Emma Burner,  
Anna M. Wallace,  
C. F. Tallman,  
Lee V. Buckman,  
Jas S. Williams,  
Chas. W. Horry,  
T. D. Moore,  
Sam'l Spencer,  
Jas. E. Dotson, (colored).

Islet Economy.  
You might as well make your  
point money go as far as possible.  
Use Green Seal Liquid Paint and  
you won't complain of the distance.  
For sale by C. J. Richardson.

## WAYSIDE NOTES.

Linwood and Clover Lick to Mar-  
linton.

A Reminiscence of Mrs. Mary  
Vance Warwick.

In many respects the Linwood  
vicinity is one of interesting  
promise and unless my judgment  
be grievously at fault it will be  
one of the important sections of  
our country. Besides Col. Gate-  
wood, Sam Vance, Capt. Robert  
Dunlap, John Varner, John  
Vandervoort, Amos Woodrell,  
native West Virginians, quite a  
number of English families are  
making notable improvements.

There seems to be prospect too  
of there being more of the English  
to follow before so very long.

I was gratified to hear re-  
marked by one of the full blooded  
natives that the more one became  
acquainted with the English the  
better they are to be liked. The  
men at first seemed hard to get  
acquainted with but when they  
come to know you they will holler  
as far as you as any Pocahontas  
man will do, Uriah Heverer not  
excepted. The same person also  
observed that when the English  
seemed too skittish for anything  
but when they come to be ac-  
quainted they turn out to be just  
the nicest ladies in their ways and  
talk that anybody most ever saw.

While ladies are the topic in  
question let me say that I never  
visited Clover Lick without thinking  
of Mrs. Mary Vance Warwick,  
one of the pioneer heroines of our  
country. Mrs. Dolly See, of Elk-  
water, a year or two since told me  
that she often heard of an adven-  
turer Mrs. Warwick had with some  
Indian warriors. She was on her  
return from Mountain Grove  
whither she had gone from Dun-  
more to bring home a web of  
cloth. While ascending the east  
slope of the Allegheny by way of  
the Harper pass she was suddenly  
confronted by the Indians. Leap-  
ing from her horse she knelt by the  
wayside, bowed her head in  
prayer and waited her doom.

Upon coming to her one of the  
braves recognized who it was and  
in broken English remarked,  
"Why this is old Aunt Mary, she  
wouldn't hurt us if she could and  
we won't hurt her." They passed  
on leaving her unmolested and  
she reached home in perfect  
safety.

It was then Mrs. Warwick feel-  
ingly realized in an impressive  
measure these most remarkable  
words, "For He shall give His  
angels charge over thee to keep  
thee in all thy ways," words that  
were greeted on the pinnacle of  
the Temple so many centuries  
previously.

It seemed to me while musing  
that morning hour not far from  
her grave that I could see her  
lifted by her servants upon her  
horse, then ambling away to  
Sharp's, four or five miles distant,  
where she met her Sabbath school,  
spent three or four hours in read-  
ing the Scriptures without note  
or comment and telling the girls  
and boys how she thought they  
ought to behave if they would be  
the right kind of men and women.

It has been my pleasure to see and  
talk with some of her scholars,  
among them Rev. James E.  
Moore and "Aunt Betsey" Mc-  
Laughlin. Then too while think-  
ing of her, while so near where  
her home had been, I fancied that  
I could see her as she was borne  
from the room where she heard  
her last sermon and rejoiced the  
emblems of her Redeemer's dying  
love, her tears flowing and her  
features radiant with joyful hope  
as she realized so deeply:

"To hear the sorrows thou has  
felt,  
Dear Lord an adamant would  
melt."

Then I seemed to stand, with  
the sorrowing group around the  
new made grave, that was made  
for her a few weeks afterwards,  
and now as I write and think of  
her I do not feel sorry that I can-  
not redress my birth from joins  
enraptured on rulers of the earth,  
for I am the child of ancestry that  
passed into skies from amid these  
charming surroundings. To bet  
memory I would consecrate these  
lines, which few or none of  
my readers ever saw in  
print before, though written and  
sung sixty-four years ago at the  
conclusion of a memorable fare-  
well, diagnosed prophesied by Dr.  
George Junkin in a Pennsylvania  
city.

"And where no farewell is spoken,  
Where no tear the cheek shall  
glaze,  
Where we give no parting token  
There shall Christians meet again

yes in Heaven,  
Savior let us meet again."  
Mrs. John Gray.

Thursday morning September  
1, 1904, Capt. Hanks was ex-  
pected to arrive at Clover Lick; by  
the noon train.

Mrs. Mabel Hanks had her  
rig brought out and I saw chance  
for getting to the station in a most  
pleasant way.

Barney the quiet old dappled  
horse had his load by the time  
Dewitt's mother, Henry Mc-  
Neel and myself, took our places.  
But as it was mostly down grade,  
Barney did not appear to labor  
very much, and so his leisurely  
way of moving along seemed to  
have been something he had been  
co'f'd with and had retained all  
his long and useful life.

Much to our surprise a sudden  
shower came up and Barney  
suck something between a walk  
and a trot, but failed to get us  
out of the wet, so Dewitt and  
Henry were left with their aunt,  
Mrs. Luther Coyner, while Mabel  
and I pushed on with rapid slow-  
ness to the station while the down  
pour became rapidly heavier.

It was my pleasure to see my  
friend safe and dry at the station  
and when I turned around to find  
a place for Barney, Russell Gann  
kindly braved the elements, and  
found a hitching place at the risk  
of losing all his starch.

When the rain slackened I  
tramped back to spend a few hours  
where we had parted with Dewitt  
and Henry. Dewitt for a time  
seemed to have been inconsolable  
for being thus forsaken by his  
mother. But when his cousin  
Ligon Coyner, was called over to  
help take care of him, his troubles  
were soon over and it was just at  
this propitious moment that I hap-  
pened in.

Much to my surprise Dewitt  
came to me from his aunt's arms  
and sat upon my knee for more  
than hour amazed by the playful  
four children in their good time  
they were having on the porch.  
In the meantime his aunt was at  
her solitary but skillful perfor-  
mance on the cooking range and  
his mother in her patient waiting  
for the tardy train, and then after  
the train, for the pouring rain to  
hold up.

I hope for the happiness and  
future of our great country there  
may be hundreds of boys and girls  
like the six or eight that represent  
the four families that I met with  
that time. Nevertheless I feel  
like saying for all that is lively  
and entertaining, but few have  
come my way as yet that would  
win the premium over these little  
live folks, if it were left to me to  
hand out the prizes.

While on the subject of clouds  
and rain, I have heard this re-  
mark about the weather to the ef-  
fect that it has been the "wettest  
and driest summer" ever known  
in our latitude.

Though farming operations  
have been more than ordinarily  
hindered by frequent rains, yet  
the springs and rivulets are at un-  
usually low ebb.

There has been no shower how-  
ever, long enough not to quit and  
so it turned out at the time in  
question. In due time Barney  
was seen leaving the station and  
now heading for home he seemed  
to strike a faster slow way in cov-  
ering the ground.

The parents of little Dewitt  
stopped over for dinner, leaving  
Barney to rest and do his horse  
thinking unmolested at the gate.  
Though he had not seen his papa  
for two or three months, Dewitt  
seemingly recognized him at once,  
and after that he had no use for  
my attentions. This leads me to  
suspect that my success in keeping  
him so long in my arms, was ow-  
ing to his probably thinking that  
I might be his long absent papa,  
that mama had come to meet at  
the station. This was a great  
mistake, but as his papa is such  
a nice looking man, I do not feel  
in the least degree resentful.

Along about three o'clock the  
clouds and mists in a measure  
faded away and with them De-  
witt and his parents rolled on  
their way to the old homestead on  
the hills, moving along as Bar-  
ney willed.

Taking up my belongings I  
tramped across the footbridge and  
through the willow vale, to meet  
a promise to pay Mrs. Lou Coy-  
ner a brief visit before train time.  
It was an apparition of the much  
loved Mrs. Sally Moffett Ligon  
had met me at the door I do not  
think I could have been more  
pleasedly startled than I was at  
noticing how very remarkably the  
mother's form, features, tones of  
voice and personal deportment are  
reproduced and perpetuated in her  
daughter Lou. For fear I may  
loose her respect for me, as one  
given to exaggeration, such a  
character as all good ladies heart-  
ily detect, will not venture to say  
what I feel like penning about the  
charming half hour passed in

the cool where she and Mollie  
Hoover were at work, and out of  
the way of the plumes and  
plumbers, finishing up the cozy  
yet commodious kitchen.

The thing most noticeable at the  
moment was the basket  
filled with canned beans.  
Some of the pods were almost  
half as long as my forefinger.

While the genial hostess polished  
off their words and I fingered  
the beans I made out to single  
up a few handfuls of the pods  
myself. By means of a steam-  
ing contrivance and a light jar,  
this luscious, creamy substance  
indefinitely just as good as from  
the corn pods and just as good as  
charms for dinner after Christ-  
mas. To show her appreciation  
Mrs. Coyner made me a nice use-  
ful present and invited me to hold  
preaching services at the beautiful  
chapel whenever it might be con-  
venient to come around some vac-  
ant Sabbath.

She had many pleasant things  
to say about Bro. Watkins and  
she was given to understand that  
she could not say too much about  
him, just so it was as complimen-  
tary as his rare merits deserve.

Almost to the schedule second  
the train arrived. The sun may  
vary, but it does seem as if Capt.  
Gill, Lieut. Boone and Parson  
Sampson, are not of that sort,  
when things work as they would  
have it.

On the train another sensation  
was in store for me that unsettled  
my nerves momentarily. Bern-  
ard Slaven was in the seat be-  
fore me and he was so quiet and  
well behaved that I felt like tak-  
ing a cat nap and had about suc-  
ceeded when a La Petite of a lady  
passenger, with two or three small  
children tucked my arm and in  
blandest tones roused me up and  
wanted to know if I could tell who  
she was.

It was a confusing mo-  
ment with me in my half drowsy  
condition, but I managed to get  
to my feet, hesitate a moment,  
with widely opened eyes, after a  
brief pause and for a wonder I  
ventured to guess Nellie Mc-  
Laughlin, hit or miss.

It so turned out my guess was  
correct and from that on it was an  
old Kentucky home "how do you  
do?" with us. Fast and many  
were our mutual inquiries. Her  
husband had very recently written  
her of the uplifting and inspiring  
season he had just passed at the  
Winona conference for Bible  
study, and had received spiritual  
nourishment on the strength of  
which he hoped to go many days.  
A young stranger in the seat be-  
fore us attracted John Brown's  
notice and being somewhat sport-  
ive it was not long until he had  
John munch on his mettle and was  
pitching into him in proverbial  
Cabbage Patch style, near which  
John lives. I leaned over and  
informed the stranger that he was  
a young Kentuckian that he had  
tackled and had better be on the  
lookout for squalls. He made  
out as if he was glad to hear it in  
time to keep out of feudist trou-  
bles, anyway, and by degrees  
things were so managed that John  
Brown settled down and went to  
work on an apple his mother had  
given him.

It was very soon after this epi-  
sode that Marlinton was called  
out.

Mrs. McLaughlin's arrange-  
ments were such as precluded all  
thoughts of stopping over, and so  
with a mutual hope a pleasing  
hope and a fervent prayer we  
might have more pleasant meet-  
ings in our lives, we parted, and  
may our loving Father be with us  
all "till we meet again."

W. T. P.

A recent letter from Chicago  
gives us the interesting informa-  
tion that Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hill  
a few weeks since spent some  
time in that city visiting their  
son Byron B. Hill, who is presi-  
dent of the North American Live  
Stock Commission Co., incorpo-  
rated at \$50,000. Mr. Hill is a  
son of the late Isaac Hill, of Hill  
Creek, and Mrs. Hill will be  
remembered by many as Marjion  
Jane, daughter of the late Major  
William Blair, of the Levels. Mr.  
Hill is now 78 years of age and  
Mrs. Hill 74. They reside at  
Iowa City, Iowa. Bryson B. Hill  
makes inquiry about one John  
Handley whether a person of that  
name is known to have gone to  
Ohio from Greenbrier or lower  
Pocahontas. One of Mr. Bryson  
B. Hill's agents is a Handley and  
claims to be a grandson of John  
Handley just mentioned. It is  
always pleasant to hear of old  
schoolmates and county people in  
their far away homes.

What's in a Name?  
The name "Green Seal" is to  
point what "Steinway" is to pianos,  
or "McCormick" to farm ma-  
chinery "Green Seal" is a safe  
name to point by. For sale by  
C. J. Richardson.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.  
Pursuant to a decree of the Cir-  
cuit Court of Pocahontas County  
West Virginia entered in the  
Chancery cause of George H.  
Shrader vs. Minnie McCarty et al.  
at the June Term, 1904, the un-  
dersigned special commissioners  
will on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1904,  
at the front door of the court  
house of said Pocahontas county  
proceed to sell at public auction  
to the highest bidder the follow-  
ing real estate situated in said  
county, being the fee simple in-  
terest, subject to the life estate of  
Lanty McCarty, which is now  
owned by said Geo. H. Shrader  
in 115 acres of land lying on  
Brown's Mountain. Said land  
constitutes a desirable farm on  
which is a dwelling house and  
other buildings. The land is  
partly improved and partly in  
timber.

Terms of Sale: Cash in hand  
sufficient to pay cost of suit and  
expenses of sale, and the residue  
on a credit of six, twelve and  
eighteen months, from day of  
sale, in equal installments with in-  
terest from date of sale, the pur-  
chaser executing bonds with ap-  
proved personal security, the title  
to be retained as ultimate securi-  
ty.

H. S. RUCKER,  
L. M. McCLINTIC,  
Special Commissioners.

I, J. H. Patterson, Clerk of  
the Circuit Court of said county  
do hereby certify that the above  
named special commissioners have  
executed bond as required by said  
decree.

J. H. PATTERSON,  
Clerk.

Commissioner's Sale of Land.  
Pursuant to a decree of the Cir-  
cuit Court of Pocahontas County  
West Virginia, entered in the  
chancery cause of Margaret C.  
Burner's Administrator vs. Mar-  
garet C. Burner's Heirs and  
others on the 5th day of April  
1904, the undersigned special  
commissioner will on

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1904,  
at the front door of the court  
house of said Pocahontas county  
proceed to sell at public auction to  
the highest bidder the following  
described real estate:

276 acres of land situated about  
four miles north-east of Durbin,  
being the land of which the said  
Margaret C. Burner died seized.  
The timber on said tract has been  
sold and is not included in this  
sale. The land comprises a valu-  
able farm on which are farm  
buildings. About 100 acres is  
improved.

Terms of sale: Cash in hand  
sufficient to pay costs of suit and  
expenses of sale, the residue upon  
a credit of six and twelve months  
in equal installments with inter-  
est from day of sale, the purcha-  
ser executing bonds for deferred  
installments with good personal

Notice.  
To Whom it May Concern:  
All parties will please take  
notice that the firm of Arbogast,  
Harper & Mohn has been dis-  
solved; the interest therein of P.  
C. Harper having been purchased  
by the undersigned, who will  
hereafter conduct the business,  
manufacture of lumber, under the  
name of Arbogast, Mohn & Co.  
E. M. ARBOGAST,  
G. C. MOHN.  
Sept. 12, 1904.

C. A. YEAGER,  
UNDERTAKER,  
Marlinton, W. Va.  
A large line of Caskets, Coffins and  
Undertakers supplies always on hand.  
All calls given prompt service.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY  
BUSINESS COLLEGE,  
[INCORPORATED]  
Harrisonburg, Va.

Teaches All Commercial Branches, Any parties intending to take  
Instructions in  
BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND,  
AND TYPEWRITING,  
or any other Commercial Branch, are requested to call on or write  
us for particulars at once.

P. L. SMITHERS,  
PRESIDENT.  
PROF. F. I. ROGERS,  
SECRETARY.

Special Announcement!  
We have secured the services of  
Mr. R. R. Young, a skilled watchmaker of 30 years  
experience, and who now has charge of our Repair  
Department, and we can confidently promise that if  
you entrust your watch to his care you will be pleased  
with the results.

No matter how difficult the job, we can do it  
right.  
Call in and see us, and we can satisfy you in a  
few moments that your watch will receive first-class  
treatment at our hands.

GREENBRIER JEWELRY CO.,  
Marlinton, W. Va.